

Tennessee, Stedmann of North Carolina, and Howard of Georgia.

But of all watermelon devotees' Judge Clayton is given the hero's laurel. He gave the following panegyric on the watermelon:

"Watermelon beats ice cream or lemonade all hollow as a cool refreshment. It is the most luscious, refreshing fruit possible to be secured in summer.

"Some people eat salt on watermelon. That is a serious mistake. Salt militates against its palatability and digestibility. I take mine straight.

"Watermelon is a splendid diuretic. It cleanses the whole digestive system.

"Watermelon seed tea is an old Southern remedy for kidney trouble.

"I don't care for thick rind, striped melons. I don't like the hybrids, between the Georgia rattlesnake melon and the 'scaly bark.' Some of these are a cross between a Guinea melon and a horse gourd.

"The best melon is one grown in Alabama with a thin rind, a whitish melon. Lead me to them any time."

FATHER CHAINS SON UP FOR DAYS TO PUNISH HIM

Nine-year-old Abe Slabaskey was rescued from his home at 1217 Morgan street yesterday by police of the Maxwell street station after having been chained for five days by the ankles to a stove to satisfy a father's unnatural idea of punishment.

The father, Jake Slabaskey, a laborer, was arrested and booked on a charge of cruelty to children.

The boy was given only one meal a day. His mother was threatened with the same punishment if she gave him more or released him from the chains.

The boy's plight was discovered when several of his boy friends heard him moaning and reported the matter to the police.

"Bad animals are chained up; why not bad boys?" was the father's only explanation. It is probable the Illinois

Humane Society will also prosecute the man.

Lord Dallynot in Slangland



In a northern city, old chap, the dwellers in the apartment house wherein I was stopping became suddenly afflicted with chills arising from sudden cold winds. I, too, suffered from the drawfts until a neighbor tubed to the bally porter as follows:

"Hello! Is this that granite-domed stiff of a janitor? Well, what do you think this is, an Arctic igloo or a cold-storage bungalow for aged eggs? Get busy with the anthracite tureen and tune up the anvil chorus on the steam coil. Get torrid, kid, get torrid!"

My word!

"Was it a case of love at first sight?" "No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress!"